

The Green Sheaf



My *Sheaf* is small . . . but it is green.

I will gather into my *Sheaf* all the young fresh things I can—*pictures, verses, ballads*, of *love and war*; tales of pirates and the *sea*. You will find ballads of the *old world* in my *Sheaf*. Are they not green for ever . . .

Ripe ears are *good for bread*, but green ears are *good for pleasure*.

After this (the 13th) number *The Green Sheaf* will be discontinued, and the price is now raised to Two Shillings each for single copies, or One Guinea the set of Thirteen numbers.

The Supplement to this number is a Dream by the late FREDERICK YORK POWELL, with a Memoir by Dr. JOHN TODHUNTER, and a reproduction of a Pencil Portrait by JOHN B. YEATS.

The Green Sheaf School of Hand-Colouring has opened a Shop at No. 3 Park Mansions Arcade, Knightsbridge, London, S.W., and notices of all publications issued by them will be sent to all *Green Sheaf* Subscribers.

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PAMELA COLMAN SMITH.

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The Green Sheaf



AROUND the earth is spread the sea,
Full of wonders for you and me ;
Across the waves the tall ships go,
But they know not the treasures that hide below.

Dorothy P. Ward.

The Green Sheaf

THE GALLEY SLAVE.

My Galley rocks close in to shore, and waits for me, and waits for me
To spring aboard and seize the helm and set the purple pennon free
And put her head straight out to sea ;
But long she waits, for woe is me,
I toil below a foreign deck, and strain, and labour day by day
Pulling the oar unceasingly, as back and forth in rhythmic sway,
Chanting in monotone, we swing
And time the oar-strokes as we sing.
Another toils in front of me, behind I hear another sigh
And catch his breath as if in pain, each time we hear the sea-bird's cry.
Chained to our posts we cannot rise
To watch where the horizon lies ;
Nor can we tell to what strange port the ship is bound, we never know
What merchandize we bear on board, or on what empty quest we go.
Too large for me the heavy oar
My grasping hands are stiff and sore,
But yet thro' all the ceaseless noise of creaking wood, and straining cords,
Of flapping sails, and shouts and cries, and pattering feet upon the boards,
I hold a silence round my heart,
Where, at my toil, I dream apart
Of Tir-nan-oge and Avalon and the Far Islands in the West,
I see those golden shores, and watch each tiny wave with silver crest
That turns and falls upon the sand,
I see the swelling green upland—
Hereafter dawns a glorious day when I no longer slave shall be,
But set my purple pennon free,
And sail away across the sea ;
For this I wait in stubborn hope, and labour on unceasingly,
For this my galley hugs the shore, and waits for me—and waits for me.

Alix Egerton.

The Green Sheaf

CHARLES AT THE SEASIDE.

“ PRAY, Fisherman, what is this great water ? ” “ It is the sea ; did you never hear of the sea ? ” “ What ! Is this great water, the same sea that is in our map at home ? ” “ Yes, it is.” “ Well, this is very strange ! We are come to the sea that is in our map. I can lay my finger over it.” “ Yes ; it is little in the map ; the towns are little, and the rivers are little.”

“ Pray, Fisherman, is there anything on the other side of this sea ? ” “ Yes ; fields, and towns, and people. Will you go and see them ? ” “ I should like to go very well ; but how must we do to get over, for there is no bridge here ? ” “ Do you not see those great wooden boxes that swim upon the water ? ” “ They are bigger than all Papa’s house. There are tall poles in the middle, as high as a tree.” “ Those are masts. See how they are spreading the sails.” “ They are like wings. These wooden boxes are like houses with wings.” “ Yes, and I will tell you what, little boy ! they are made on purpose to go over the sea ; and the wind blows them along faster than a horse can trot.” “ What do they call them ? ” “ They call them ships.” “ What have those men in the ships got on ? ” “ They have jackets and trousers on, and checked shirts. They are sailors. I think we must make you a sailor ; and then instead of breeches you must have a pair of trousers. Do you see that sailor, how he climbs up the ropes ? He is very nimble. He runs up like a monkey. Now he is at the top of the mast. How little he looks ! But we must get in. Come, make haste ; they will not stay for us.”

Mrs. Barbauld.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE GREEN SHEAF, No. 13.

A HORROR OF THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

BY

F. YORK-POWELL.

A HORROR OF THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

I WAS staying for the first time at the country house of an old friend, whom I had not seen for years. It was late in the evening, and we were sitting in the smoking-room having a last pipe together before we went to bed. The room was panelled with dark wood, and the furniture was old. I felt sleepy as my friend talked, and gave him but short answers. Gradually I became conscious of an unpleasant feeling of vague discomfort, for which I could not account. This grew upon me more and more, till my sleepiness fell off me, and I began to wish that my friend would propose our going to bed. A feeling of fear, which seemed in some mysterious way to grow into a sense of something uncanny in the room itself, was, in fact, gradually mastering me.

As I was trying to find some excuse for escaping, there was a knock at the door, and my friend's butler came in with spirits and tumblers. He was an oldish man, who had been long in the family. We spoke to him, and my friend asked him to sit down and have a glass of spirits and water with us, which he did. After a little more talk we got up, intending to go to bed. The smoking-room was on the first floor, at one end of a long drawing-room, into which it opened by a door, a second door leading to a landing. We all went out on to this landing, where the candles were; but as I was turning to the great oak staircase, my friend suggested that we should go and say good-night to his aunt. I agreed, and we went back into the smoking-room, and through the long drawing-room, which I could see by the moonlight, the blinds being up in three or four tall windows, though the moon itself was not visible. As we passed these windows I could see the gardens, and a misty meadow beyond, against which the small, black, clipped trees of the terrace showed hard and distinct. The furniture was of the beginning of the nineteenth century—a harp, a large old-fashioned piano, chairs with flowered tapestry seats, and a light carpet with large flowers. There was a white marble mantelpiece, and the walls were painted in dark reddish-brown distemper, which seemed a little faded. A few water-colours were hung at wide intervals upon the walls.

Passing through this room close under the windows, and through a door opposite to that by which we had entered, we came into a boudoir, just like the smoking-room in shape and size, but furnished in the same old-fashioned style as the drawing-room, and lit by two large windows, in one of which the blinds were up. There were two candles burning on a little table, and a fire in the grate, in front of which sat a pleasant-looking old lady with grey hair, in a lace cap and purplish satin dress. A maid with a baby in her arms was sitting at the side of the room opposite the door by which we had come in. I was introduced to the old lady, sat down beside her, and we began talking, our faces to the fire, our backs to the candles.

I had totally forgotten my feeling of discomfort, and was interested in our conversation, when I noticed that the light in the room had become dim. The glow died out of the fire, leaving it dull; and when I looked round the candle flames had dwindled to the blue. I stood up, and saw my friend and the butler standing together at the door, holding it ajar, and craning their heads round it to look into the drawing-room, whence a bright light proceeded and fell flatly about their feet. I ran up to them. "What is it?" I asked; but they motioned me back. "You had better not look!" said my friend, in a curious, tuneless voice, tense with suppressed irritation. "Oh, nonsense!" said I, "I want to see!" Pushing past them, I went into the drawing-room; and there, a few paces in front of me, I saw a spare old gentleman in a dress of the time of George II., pale blue coat, pale yellow breeches, silk stockings, buckled shoes, and ruffled wrists. He stood in a pantaloон-like attitude, in his right hand a thin, polished, brown walking-stick, which seemed to me of about the fineness of the thin end of a billiard cue. I could see nothing of his face; but the end of his nose, which must have been long, was just visible beyond the profile of his cheek. He stood in the midst of an oval of light on the floor, very like that gleam which I have since noticed thrown by a tricycle lamp upon a dark road, but sharper in its outlines.

He walked slowly along to the wall, his footsteps making no sound; and as he drew near the side of the room, I observed that wherever the oval of light passed across the floor, or mounted up the wall, the decoration changed to an earlier style. The wall within the light now appeared a pale green, with panels of pale tinted landscape, bordered by *rococo* scroll work. In the centre, at the bottom of a panel, I could see the figure of a nymph reclining among reeds. The old gentleman stood before this panel, raised his stick, and rapped the centre of the tuft of reeds with such irritable violence that the stick snapped, and about eight inches of it fell on the floor; but all this without making the slightest noise. Immediately afterwards the light went out, and the decoration fell back into the flat red tint of the distemper. But I had kept my eyes fixed on the exact spot upon which the old gentleman had rapped, and, running forward to the wall, I clapped my hand on the place, which now showed like a grease spot, a little darker than the rest of the wall. "There, there!" I cried out; "if you break into the wall to-morrow you are sure to find something."

I turned excitedly towards my friend, who I thought had followed me; but I saw that he was still standing with the butler half behind the door. Between me and them I could see no one; only, on the floor between me and them, flitting silently about, were two small ovals of light. I knew that these marked the soundless footsteps of the old gentleman, now become invisible.

A horror, such as I had felt in the smoking-room, now suddenly again fell upon me; but in far greater force. How I got back, past those gleaming footprints as they moved silently about—back to the boudoir—I don't know. I only remember that I found myself standing by the fire, near the old lady, who had risen to her feet. I kept looking round at the window, wondering whether it would

be possible to escape through it; but I judged the height, at least twenty feet from the ground, too great for such a venture.

My friend and the butler were still at the door; and again I saw the great flat light, now brighter than ever, at their feet. They were as terror-stricken as I was myself. "What shall we do?" I heard someone say; and after a minute of silence my friend and the old lady began reciting with earnest but shaken voices some versicles of the Litany.

For a moment I thought perhaps their prayers might avail us, for the light seemed to ebb from the doorway; but at the end of the second verse I was completely panic-stricken as I heard the words, "Good Lord, deliver us!" slowly and distinctly repeated in a grating, mocking, old man's voice, which came from the other room; and, with this venomous echo still in my ears, I woke.

F. YORK-POWELL.



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From a Drawing by JOHN B. YEATS.

Mieux vaut tard que jamais

Frank York Somell
R.R.

25.1.1900

SUPPLEMENT TO THE GREEN SHEAF, No. 13.

FREDERICK YORK-POWELL

A REMINISCENCE

BY

JOHN TODHUNTER.

FREDERICK YORK-POWELL.

I HAVE given York-Powell's remarkable dream as nearly as possible in his own words, just as I took it down some years ago from his dictation.

By his death Oxford has lost one of its most distinguished scholars ; and his host of friends a friend whose loss leaves the world a narrower pinfold than it seemed while he lived and laughed in it ; for his laugh was like the laugh of a Viking—a courage-kindling laugh. It expanded your soul ; and though like Hamlet you be might be “ bounded in a nutshell,” it made you feel yourself for a moment “a king of infinite space.”

Never surely was there such an unconventional Don of Christchurch, such an unusual Regius Professor of History. He was not of the ordinary Oxford pattern ; but a man of vigorous personality, who looked at everything from his own standpoint, cared little for traditional standards, and went his own way. He was no mere book-man, though he knew his books well ; no mere specialist, though well skilled in his own special subject. He was interested in life all round, and was an encyclopædia of minute knowledge of the most varied kind—a man who might have passed with honours an examination on things in general.

He had a very large circle of friends in all ranks of life, and of all shades of religious and political opinion ; and he was himself a most faithful and helpful friend, always ready to give and receive freely. He had his narrowesses and prejudices, no doubt ; but he had something of that large sympathy which enabled Goethe to get at what was best in those whom he met. And from books, as from men, he could rapidly assimilate what was of most vital interest to himself. He would spend half an hour in your study, prowl round your shelves, and while talking skim through the pages of a book here and there, and know more about it when he put it back than a slower-brained man would by reading it from cover to cover. His memory was quick to seize and slow to forget, because his interest was always intense in what interested him, and most things did.

As men of all classes may expect to meet in heaven, so did they sometimes actually meet in York-Powell's rooms at Oxford. Once a friend, calling to see him, found him in animated conversation with an intellectual chimney-sweep, a socialist, and a great crony of his. On another occasion, as a distinguished art-critic told me, he came to dinner, found York-Powell had forgotten the appointment, and had to entertain a Dean and an Anarchist until their host arrived late and formally introduced them.

As a Professor of History, York-Powell looked upon his materials as Browning upon his "square old yellow book," as :

" pure crude fact,
Secreted from man's life when hearts beat hard,
And brains high-blooded ticked ; "

and went straight through the theories of the historic web-spinner to the contemporary documents, which he handled with sympathetic imagination when he wrote anything himself, which he too seldom did; and his interest in literature, art, handicrafts, and sports—such as yachting, boxing, fencing—was no less intense than in that record of the lives of nations and the deeds of men of action which we call History.

He was a man vividly alive to the last; and his influence on the younger men who came in contact with him at the University and elsewhere was, above all else, an inspiring one. He did not believe much in the intellectual activities of the modern woman; but he was always ready to help the girls as well as the boys in their studies. He not merely gave all who asked for it information; he kindled a thirst for knowledge in those capable of thirsting. It was good to have known him.

JOHN TODHUNTER.



"THE GREEN SHEAF"

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The Green Sheaf



"Pray, Fisherman, what is this great water?"

The Green Sheaf

ARCADIAN SONGS.

PHYLLIS.

“ AWAY, away, to a far off land,
Where wood nymphs dance in a merry band,
Where the glorious golden sunshine spreads,
And the leafy shade is o'er our heads,
Where the velvet grass beneath our feet
With budding flowers is all made sweet,
And, sheltered from the sun's hot rays,
The cooling fountain softly plays,
While the air with thrilling birds is rife,
That chant the joys of country life.”

CORYDON.

“ LEAVE far behind the smoke-grimed street,
The endless tramp of weary feet,
The toiling traffic of the town,
That's ever moving up and down,
The buildings tall on every side,
The shipping on the river wide,
The jostling of the impatient crowd,
And roar of voices long and loud.
Come, speed away my Phyllis fair
Arcadia's peaceful joys to share.”

Eleanor Vicocq Ward.

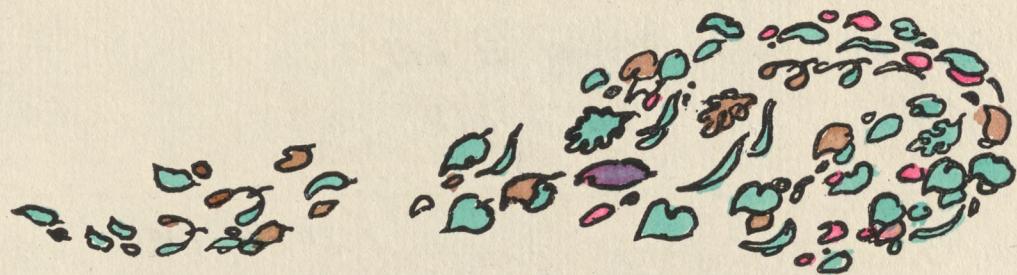
The Green Sheaf

THE WIND.

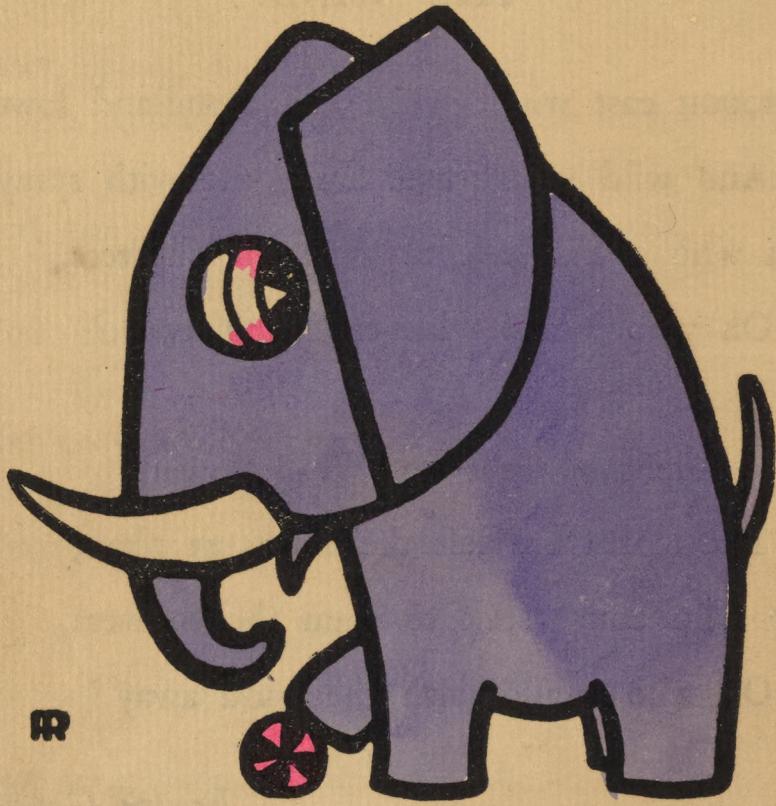
THOUGH east winds whirl and cloudland lowers
And wild wild waves are white with spray,
Oh who could seek to shun the showers,
Oh who would wish the wind away ?

After the rain we'll find fresh flowers,
The storm has left the leaves at play ;
Oh who could seek to shun the showers,
Oh who would wish the wind away ?

Evelyn Garnaust Smalley.



The Green Sheaf



*Alfred's aunt,
Mostly slant;
Playing at ball
That is all!*

Reginald Rigby.